A modest meane to Mariage, pleasauntly set foorth by that famous Clark: Erasmus Roterodamus: and translated into Englishe by N. L.

Anno. 1568.

¶ Imprinted at London by Henrie Denham, dwelling in Paternoster Rowe, at the signe of the Starre.

A. I. 322. W. p. 944.

Phot. of HEH 81668

¶ To the right worshipfull Maister Francis Rogers

Esquire, one of the Gentlemen pensioners vnto the Queenes Maiestie, Nicholas Leigh wisheth long & quiet lyse, with much increase of vertue and worship.

WHEN I REMEMber (gentle Maister Rogers) the auncient acquaintance and friendship, and the daylie and accustomed metings, recourse and familiaritie that (amõg the rest) did happen and passe betwene vs in times past, in those our yong and tender yeares, and in those famous places of studie, vnto the which we were by owre friendes appointed and then sent for learning sake. And when moreouer, I doe remember, waye, and cõsider therin on the one side, that state and condition of life, in the which I was then, with that, which for my part on the other side, I doe now find and haue long since felt and tasted of, I cannot but recken and thinke that time most happily passed

which I bestowed in the trauaile and study of good letters. For besides the inestimable fruit, & the incomparable pleasure & delectation, that the Muses doe bring vnto the studious, beside the sweete rest of minde, voyde of all worldly cares and troubles, the faire & pleasaunt walkes, which we there (with a number of vertuous, and well disposed, and a sort of learned, ciuill, friendly and faithfull companions) enioyed, together with the wholesome and cleane diet, not infected with outragious or any surfetings (a vice elsewhere to much vsed) what honest and godly exercises had we then there to the furtherance and increase of vertue, & to the abandoning of vice? insomuch that in a maner it hath fared with me euer since my departing thēce, as with one that being expelled and exuled from a second Paradise, replenished and adorned with all kinde of flagrant & of most wholesome and sweete flowers and delights, is presently fallen as it were into a darke & an yrkesome thicket of bushes and brambles of the cares and troubles of this worlde, daylie readie, not onely to molest and perturbe the quiet studious minde, but also so complete with an infinite number of displeasures, dammages, and daungers on euerye side that (verye much according to the auncient and wonted prouerbe) I may now iustly say vix fugiet Scyllam, qui vult vitare

vitare Charybdim. *Wherefore that mans saying seemed not altogither voyde of reason, that sayde, that if there were anye choyse to be had as touching the estate of man, the better parte and the first thereof was not to be borne at al, the next vnto that was to die verie shortly. And yet by the way neuertheleſſe, as he that hath bene once in any ſuche kinde of Paradiſe or place of pleaſure, as is aforeſaide, hath alwayes nowe and then ſome motions and occaſions, to caſt his ſorrowfull eye with a mournfull minde towardes the ſame: euen ſo I of late beholding and lamenting that chaunged place and ſtate of life, and in the meane ſeaſon pervſing ſome pieces of mine olde exerciſes which I had then and did there (whereof I was alwayes bolde partly to make you priuie, as one among all others whoſe diſcreete iudgement and towardneſſe in learning togither with the great curteſie and ſinguler humanitie and friendſhip, and the paſſing readie and great pleaſantneſſe of wit, ioyned therewith was then certes not a little had in admiration and embraced euery where) happily I founde certaine looſe papers of two Dialogues of the famous and excellent Clarke* Eraſmus *of* Roterodame, *by me tranſlated into engliſhe (partly for the pleaſantneſſe of the matter, as it ſeemed vnto me then, partly alſo for the*

proofe and triall of my selfe what I coulde doe in translating, and lastly as the matter semed swete and pleasaunt, so not altogither voide of godlye and wholesome exhortations and lessons, for all sortes no lesse necessarie than profitable. Which when I had with earnest view perused, and hauing in minde diuers times to gratifie your goodnesse with some friendly token of remembraunce, forthwith I thought (remuing my wōted exercises) to dedicate these two Dialogues vnto you. Whose knowledge and learning I know, and gentlenesse therwithal to be such, that I am in an assured hope that (vntill I may giue better) ye will vouchsafe in the meane season thankefully to accept these my recreations, and these few lines at my handes as a pledge and a poore present of the continuall remembrance, and the vnfeyned good will I beare towards you, & your vertuous demerites. Wherin notwithstanding, albeit peraduenture the exercise of study and learning, and especially the matter it selfe therein contained maye seeme to bee of very small importance or pleasure, & rather otherwise different or something disagreeable vnto your vocation on euerie side, and also vnto all such for the most part as in the roome and place of armes, are called towardes the seruice of the Princes Maiestie, and of their Countrie (Rara enim

enim inter Arma & literas vel togas est amicitia vel societas) Yet I knowing the great reuerence and the singular regard and estimation that you do beare, and alwayes haue borne towardes the learned and towardes good letters, for the pleasant and fruitefull knowledge that you your selfe haue most happily and with great dexteritie both reaped and tasted among them in times past, I doubt not but that (waying the worthinesse of the Author of them, and accepting the faithfull indeuours of me the rude translator of them) you will be content to permit the same to passe vnder your wing, and so much (I know) the rather for that they both doe tende to vertues purpose. The one of them being betweene a Woer and his Feere, wherein albeit the naturall ouerthwartnesse of the womanishe minde, doth now and then burst out as out of the frayler and weaker vessell, yet is therein a godlye kinde of woeing without any scurilitie, very pleasantly, lively, and plainly declared and set forth, to the good behauiour and honest inducement and furtherance of such as are yet to take that matter or enterprise in hand, farre from prouoking any vice, as the maner and guise of a number of lasciuious Louers and fayned woers nowe a dayes is, whose craftie and counterfet dealings, fonde iestures and motions, and vn-

comely and vaine communications and ydle talks is better to be passed ouer with silence than paper to be stained therewith, or any time to bee spent therein. The other is betweene a yong man and a light Woman, who in times past had bene further acquainted then honestie required, and hee hauing bene absent from hir for a certaine space, at last repaired to hir house, who after hir accustomed maner and wont, beganne to entise and allure him to their former follies, who perceyuing hir purpose therein, discreetly and properly perswaded hir by diuers and sundrie godly and vertuous reasons to leaue and forsake that kinde of life, as of all other most detestable, and in the ende making hir thereby to loath hir fraile and accustomed follies, bringeth hir vnto an honest and chaste conuersation. Thus the effect of the whole matter you haue in few words. Accept therfore (I praye you) this my simple doing in good part, weying my good will in the friendly Ballance of your accustomed gentlenesse, which I trust shall somewhat counterpaise the vnworthinesse of this my so grosse and rude a translation of so worthy a writer.

Vale.

Yours vnfeynedly Nicholas Leigh.

To the Reader.

I HAVE (GENTLE Reader) ſet foorth to thy viewe, two Dialogues of the Reuerende & renowmed Clarke *Eraſmus Roterodamus* : whoſe learning, vertue, and authoritie is of ſufficient force to defend his doyngs. But bicauſe I haue chaunged his eloquent ſtile, into our Engliſh phraſe : and thereby altered his liuerie, and embaſed the perfite grace of his Muſe, I am compelled to craue pardon of this my doings, conſider I beſeeche thee (learned Reader) that if it had ſtill reſted in that Noble language wherein hee left it, although thy knowledge had yelded thee greater felicitie than this my trauaile can, yet thouſandes, which by this mine indeuour may draw out ſome ſweete ſap of theſe his pleaſant and fruitfull doings, might (thorow ignorance) haue wanted thys peece of delyght. Therfore the offence (if any be) is made to *Eraſmus* a má of that pacience in his lyfe, as I aſſure my

my ſelf that this my bold dealing with him, can not a whit diſquiet his ghoſt. Harme to thee at all it can not bee, for that I haue not digreſſed from mine Author. Pleaſant and profitable I hope it will be to many of my country folks whoſe increaſe in vertue I greatlye deſire. Then ſuffer mee I pray thee to reſt with thy quiet and thankfull iudgement: whereby thou ſhalt vrge me to attempt farther enterpriſe (perchance to thy delight.) Thus aſſuring my ſelfe of thy lawfull fauour, I reſt voyde of care of the vnlearneds reproche, if they beyonde their ſkill ſhall couet to chat. And wiſhing to thee thy full delight in learning & to them increaſe of knoweledge, I bid you both farewel.

FINIS.

Pamphilus, the Louer, *Maria, the woman* beloued.

GOod morrowe cruell, good morrow ruthlesse, good morrow (I say) thou stony harted woman. Maria. I wishe you the same againe *Pamphilus* as often, and as muche as you please. And by what name you lyke best to be saluted. But in the meane while it seemeth you haue forgotten my name, my name is *Maria*. Pamphilus. It might more rightlye haue bene *Martia*. Maria. And why so I beseech you? what haue I to doe with *Mars*? Pamphilus. For as that God counteth it but a pastime to murther and kill men, euen so doe you. Herein yet more cruell then *Mars*, for you murther him that hartily loueth you. Maria. Good woordes I praye you, where is that heape of deade bodies whom I haue murthered? where is the bloud of them which by me are slaine? Pamphilus. One liueleste bodye thou seest present wyth thine eyes,

eyes, if (pardie) thou sest me. Ma. What saye you man? doe you both talke and walke, and yet dead? I pray to God I neuer mete with ghostes more to be feared. Pam. Thus thou makest but a laughing matter of it. Nathelesse thou hast reft me wofull creature my life, and more cruelly doest murther me, than if thou should stab me into the body with a weapon, for now am I miserably torne and vered with long torments. Maria. Yea good Lord: tell mee how manye women with childe haue lost their fruite by meeting with you? Pam. Yet this pale wanne colour sheweth mée to bée more bloudlesse than any shadowe. Ma. But this paleneste (thanked be God) is died with some Violet colour, you are euen so pale as a Chery waxing ripe, or a Grape when he commeth to his purple skin. Pam. Thus with disdaine ynough you mocke a man in state rather to be pitied. Ma. Why in case you beleeue not mee, take the Glasse, & beleeue your owne eyes. Pam. I would wishe no better Glasse, neyther (I suppose) is there anye more cleere, than that in which I presently

lye

lye behold my selfe euen now. Ma. What Glasse speake you off? Pam. Marie euen your owne eyes. Ma. Duertharter: how thou talkest alwayes lyke thy selfe, but howe proue you your selfe to bee deade? Doe ghostes & shadowes vse to eat meat? Pam. They doe, but find no sauour therin, no more doe I. Ma. And what, what doe they eate I praye? Pam. Mallowes, Léekes and Lupines. Ma. But you (I hope) let not to eate Capons and Partriches. Pam. I graunt, howbeit I féele no more pleasure in eating them, than if I should crashe vpon Mallowes, or Béetes, without Pepper, wine and vinegar. Ma. Alack for you good man, and yet you are in mætely good lyking, & do ghostes speake also? Pam. Euen as I doe with a verye pewling and faint voice. Ma. But not long since, when I hearde you checking with mine other suter, your voice was not very fœble pardie. Moreouer I beséech you tell me this, doe ghostes vse to walke? are they clad in garments? doe they eftsones swéepe? Pam. Yea more than all that, they practise the acte of kinde, but after

their

their owne maner. Ma. Now by the faith of my bodye you are a pleasaunt trifler. Pam. But what will you saye, if I proue this by substantiall and strong reasons (I meane) my selfe to be dead, and you to be a murtherer? Ma. God shylde that (friend *Pamphile*) but let me heare your Sophistrie. Pam. First you wil graunt me this: (I suppose) that death is naught else but a seperation of the soule from the body. Ma. I graunt. Pamphilus. But graunt it so ỹ you reuoke and call it not back againe, afterwarde. Ma No more I wyll. Pam. Secondly, you wil not denie but he which reaueth the soule, wherein consisteth life, is a murtherer. Ma. I consent. Pam. You will I am sure graunt me this lykewyse, which most graue and credible Authors haue affirmed, & by the consent and iudgement of all ages hath bene holden truth and allowed, (I meane) that the soule of a man is not where he liueth, but where he loueth. Ma. You must vtter that after a more grosse, and plaine sorte, for in good faith I perceyue not your meaning. Pam. And I am the more sorie, and euill at ease, bicause

bicause you doe not perceiue and feele this to be true, as well as I doe. Ma. Make me to feele it then. Pam. As well mightest thou bid me, make an Adamant feele it. Ma. Now truely I am a yong wench, not a stone. Pam. Truth, but more harde yet than the Adamant stone. Ma. But proceede with your argument. Pam. Those which are rapt in the spirite, or fallen into a traunce (as they call it) neyther heare, nor see, nor smell, nor feele any thing, no though you would kil them. Ma. Surely I haue hard say so. Pa. And what think you to be the cause of this insensibilitie. Ma. I would learne that of you which are a Philosopher. Pam. Bicause (pardie) the soule or minde is in heauen, where it hath that which it vehemently loueth, & is not present with the body. Ma. And what is next: what conclude you vpon this? Pam. Askest thou what O cruell? euen this necessarily followeth, my selfe to be deade, and thy selfe to bee a murtherer. Ma. Why, where is your soule become and God wil? Pam. There it is, where it loueth. Ma. And who hath reft it from you? why sigh you

you man: speake and feare not, you shall not be hindered by me. Pam. A certaine cruell and pittilesse mayde, whome neuertheles I cannot finde in my hart to hate, being by hir spoyled of my life. Ma. Ah, a louing hart, ah gentle nature. But why do you not againe take from hir, hir soule, and serue hir as they saye, with the same sause. Pam. The happiest in the worlde, were I, if I could make that exchaunge (I meane) that hir minde might come dwell in my brest, in sorte as mine hath wholye dwelled in hir body. Ma. But wil you giue me leaue now eftsones a while to play the Sophister his part with you? Pam. Nay the Sophistresse parte. Ma. Is it possible that one and the same bodie both haue the soule and be without the soule. Pam. Not both togither or at one time. Ma. When the soule is awaye, then the body (you say) is deade. Pam. Truth. Ma. And it lyueth not but when ỹ soule is p̄sent withall: Pam. Be it so verily. Ma. How commeth this to passe then, that ỹ soule being there where it loueth, the body yet wherout it is departed, neuertheles lyueth: for if it ly-

ueth

ueth in one place, when it loueth in an o-
ther, by what reaſō is it called *Exanime Cor-*
pus, as you would ſay, a lifeleſſe body, ſince
it hath life and ſenſe in it. Pam. By ſaint
Marie you playe the Sophiſtres meetelye
well, howbeit you cannot ſnarle me in
ſuch chicken bandes. That ſoule which al-
ter a ſort gouerneth the bodye of a liuiug
creature being in ſuche caſe is improperly
called the ſoule, for in very dede it is a cer-
taine ſmall portion of the ſoule, which re-
maineth behind, euen as the ſauor of Ro-
ſes tarieth ſtill in the hande of him, which
bare them, when ỹ very Roſes themſelues
be done away. Ma. I ſee well inough it is
hard to take a fore in a pitch, but anſwere
me to this alſo. Is not he a doer which
murthereth. Pam. What elſe. Ma. And is
not ỹ partie a ſufferer, who is murthered?
Pam. Yes. Ma. How commeth it to paſſe
then, that ſince he which loueth is the doer
and ſhee which is beloued is but the ſuffe-
rer, ſhe ſhould be infamed for a murtherer,
which is beloued. When as in verie dēede,
he that loueth rather murthereth himſelf?
Pam. Nay, it is contrarie, for he that lo-

ueth suffreth, she that is beloued doth. Ma. That shall you neuer proue true with the consent of our chiefe *Areopagites* of Grammer. Pam. But this will I proue true by the consent of the whole Parliament of Logitians. Ma. But aunswere me to this againe, loue you with your wil, or against your wyll? Pam. With my will. Maria. Ergo, sithence it is in free choise to loue, or not to loue, whoso loueth, is a murtherer of himselfe, and wrongfullye accuseth the poore wench beloued. Pam. Why? I say not that the wench murthereth bicause she is beloued, but bicause she loueth not againe the party which loueth hir: for (truth it is) she is guilty of murther, which might saue a mans life and will not. Ma. I put case a yong man cast his loue vpon one, which he ought not to loue, or maye not lawfully obtaine, as an other mans wyfe, or a Virgine, which hath professed continuall chastitie, shall she loue him againe, so to preserue and saue hir louer? Pam. But this yong man loueth that, which to loue is both lawfull and godly, and standeth both with reason and equity,

and

and yet neuertheleſſe is caſt away. That in caſe you ſet light by the crime of homicide, I will aguilt you alſo of ſozcerie and enchaunting me. Ma. Marrie gods ſozbod man, what will you make of me a *Circes* ympe, a witch? Pa. Yea and ſomewhat moze cruell yet, than euer was *Circes*. Fo; I had rather be a groueling Hog o; beare, then as I am, without life o; ſoule. Ma. And with what kinde of ſozcerie I p;aye ye doe I deſtroy men. Pam. By euill aſpect. Ma. Will you then that I hurt you no moze with loking vpon you? Pam. Not ſo fo; Gods ſake, but rather loke moze vpon me. Ma. If mine eyes be witches, how hapneth it then that other alſo do not conſume awaye, whome I loke vpon as ofte as you, therfoze I feare me much, ỹ bewitching is in your owne eyes, not in mine. Pam. Why thinke you it not inough to ſlea *Pamphilus*, except you triumph ouer him being dead. Maria. Oh queint handſome, niſe dead body: when ſhall your funerals be p;ouided fo;. Pam. Sooner than you thinke ywiſſe, except you remedie in time. Ma. I remedie good Lo;d: am I

able to doe such a cure? Pam. Yea surely: all were I deade, it lyeth in you to rayse me vp againe to life, and that with a light thing. Maria. As you say, peraduenture I might doe it, if some bodye woulde helpe me to the herbe *Panaces*, whereunto they ascribe so great a vertue. Pam. There needeth none herbes to doe it, only vouchsafe to loue againe, what is more easie to be perfourmed? nay rather what is more due and iust? otherwise you shall neuer acquite your selfe of manspilling. Maria. And before what iudgement seate shall I be arrayned, before the seuere Areopagetes and God will? Pam. Not so, but before the tribunall seate of *Venus*. Maria. Best of al, for they say she is a patient and pitiful Goddesse. Pam. Say you so, there is not one amongst them all, whose wrath is more to be feared. Ma. Why, hath she a thunderbolte? Pam. No. Maria. Hath she a thræforked mase like *Neptune*? Pam. Not so. Ma. Hath she a speare as *Pallas*? Pam. Neyther: but shee is a Goddesse of the Sea. Maria. I come not within hir kingdome. Pam. But she hath a boye.

Maria.

Maria. I feare no boyes. Pam. He is readie to reuenge, and will paye home when he striketh. Ma. And what shall he doe to me? Pam. What shall he doe: the gods forbid let him. I will prognosticate none euill vnto one, whome I beare good will. Ma. Yet tell me I pray you, I will take no conceit of it. Pam. Then will I tell you if you shall disdaine this louer, who doubtlesse is not vnworthie your loue, verily I beleue, that same boy (peraduenture at the cõmaundement of his mother) will thirle into your heart a launce embrued with to bad a poyson, wherby you shal set your affection miserably vppon some hoblout, who shall not loue you any whit againe. Ma. Marrie that were a plague in déede, of all other most to be detested. Certes I had rather to die, than to be entangled in the loue of one which is deformed, & could not finde in his hart to loue me likewise againe. Pam. But it is not long time, since there was a right notable example of this euil, which I now speak off, shewed in a certaine yong damzel. Ma. In what place, and I may be so bold as to aske

you? Pam. At the Citie *Aurelia*. Ma. Howe many yeares ago? Pam. Howe many yeares, nay, it is scarse yet ten monethes. Ma. And what was the Maydes name? whereat sticke you? Pam. Nothing. I knewe hir as well as I knewe you. Ma. Why tell you me not hir name then? Pam. Bicause I like not the lucke therof, I had rather she had had any other name: She had euen the verie name that you haue. Ma. Who was hir father? Pam. He is yet man aliue, and amongst the Lawyers is one of chiefe estimation, and of substantiall welth. Ma. Tell me his name also. Pam. *Mauritius*. Ma. His surname, Pam. His surname was *Aglaus*. Ma. Liueth the mother yet? Pam. She departed of late. Ma. Of what disease died shée? Pam. Of what disease, quoth you, for méere sorrow & heauinesse. And the father himselfe albeit he is a man of a strong nature scaped very narowly. Ma. And may I learne at your hand also the name of the mother. Pam. With all mine hart, who is he that knoweth not *Sophrona*. But what meane you by this

queſtioning? Thinke you that I contriue fables for you. Ma. Why ſhould I thinke ſo, that is rather to be ſuſpected in oure kinde, but tell on, what befell vnto this mayde. Pam. This damzell was come of an honeſt ſtock (as I haue ſaid) and wanted no welth to hir preferment: for beawty and ſhape of body, alſo goodly to beholde, what needeth many words, ſhe was well worthy to haue lien by a Prince his ſide. She had a wooer, who earneſtly beſought hir good will, a man for perſonage & bewtie not vnlike hir ſelf. Ma. And what was his name? Pam. Alas, God bleſſe me from the luck, hys name alſo was *Pamphilus*, when he had done all that he could, and aſſayed all waies poſſible to obtaine hir good will, ſhe ſtill obſtinately deſpiſed him. In fine, the yong man pined away with ſorrow, and dyed. Not long after, this wench beganne to dote vppon ſuch a handſome ſquire, as for his perſonage, I might more rightly call an Ape than a mã. Ma. What ſay you man? Pam. She was ſo farre fallen in the brakes with him, that I am not able to expreſſe. Ma. What, ſo proper a

wench with so vnsightly a peece? Pam. He had a head made like a sugar lose, the heare thereof growing as it were by stitches and that knotted, vnkempt, full of scurfe and nittes, and a good parte of hys scalpe was bared by the disease called *Alopecia*, his eies sunk into his head, his nosethrils wide & turning vpwardes, a mouth like an Ouen with rotten téeth, and a stamering tongue, a scuruy beard, a bunch backe, a belly like a tode, and legges as right as a paire of horse hãmes. Ma. Marry sir you describe him to be a very *Thersites*? Pam. May besides al this, they say, he had but one of his eares. Ma. Peraduenture he had lost the other in some battaile. Pa. No surely, euen in peace. Ma. Who durst be so bolde to doe that? Pam. Who but *Dionysius* that cutteth of eares at the Pillery. Ma. Wel, it may be yet ỳ his substance at home was such as made a full mendes for all the deformitie that you haue spoken of. Pam. May surely: he had vnthriftily spent all, and ought more than hee was worth, with this suchen an husbande doth this so goodly a wench nowe lead hir life.

Alopecia *is a disease that causeth the heare to fall off.*

Thersites *a Prince, that came with the Greckes to the siege of Troye, which in person and condicion was of all other most deformed.*

Ma.

Dialogues.

Ma. You haue declared a thing much to be pitied. Pam. Surely it is true, the Goddesse *Nemesis* woulde so haue it, that the iniurie of the yong man, whome shée despised might be requited of hir. Ma. I would rather wish to be destroyed with a thunderbolt out of hande, than to be yoked with such a mate. Pam. Therfore beware how you prouoke this Ladie, who reuengeth disdaine, and frame your harte to loue him againe, who loueth you. Ma. If that may suffice (loe) I loue you again. Pam. But I craue that loue at your hand, which should be perpetuall and to loue me as your owne. I sæke a wife, not a friend. Ma. I know that well inough, but that thing requireth long deliberation, and much aduisement, which when it is done, cannot be vndone againe. Pam. I haue deliberated vppon it to long for my part. Ma. Well (I réede you) take héede, least loue who is not the best counseller beguile you, for men say that loue is blinde. Pam. Nay, that loue hath eyes which springeth vpon iudgement: I doe not therfore take you to be such a one as you are, bicause I loue

Nemesis, *the Goddesse of wrath or indignation.*

Deliberandum est diu, quod statuendum est semel.

loue you; but I loue you for that I plainly see you to be such a one. Ma. Beware I say, you mistake me not, you maye bee ouerseene, if you had worne the shoe, then you shoulde perceyue where it wringeth. Pam. I must put it in a venture, although by many good tokens I conceyue a hope of better lucke. Ma. Whye, are you skilfull in signes and tokens, are you become an Augur? Pam. Yea marry am I. Ma. By what Augurall signes I praye you, do you coniecture that it shalbe thus? hath the night Crowe taken hir flight before you? Pam. She flieth for fooles. Ma. What, haue you seene a cowple of Downes come flying towardes you on the right hande? Pam. No such thing, but I haue knowne for the space of certaine yeares the verteous and honest behauiour of your parents, that is a birde not least to be regarded (I think) to be come of a good stock. Moreouer, I am not ignorant with what wholesome instructions, and verteous examples you haue bene traded and brought vp by them. And truely good education is of more effect than good Parentage. This

Augurs bee they which by certaine signes in birdes and beasts descrie things to come.

is

is an other signe which moueth me to conceyue a good hope, beside this, betwene my parents, which I hope I nede not to be ashamed of and yours, haue (as I suppose) bene, no smal loue and friendship. Yea we our selues from our biggens (as they say) haue bene brought vp togither, & not much vnlike one vnto another in nature and disposition. Now our age, substance, estimation, and bloude are as well betwéene vs two, as betwéene both our parentes in a maner equall. Lastly that which in friendship is the chiefe thing, your maners séemeth not the worste to square vnto my minde and liking, for it maye bee that a thing is simply and of it selfe right excellent and yet not apt and méete for some vse. How my maners frameth vnto your minde againe I knowe not. These, these be the birdes (my Joy) which putteth mee in an assured hope, that a coniunction betwéene vs two, shall be right ioyfull, pleasant, stable, & swéete, so that you could finde in your hart to sing that song, which I so much desire to heare. Maria. What song is that you woulde haue me to sing.

Pam.

Pam. I will teach you the tune thereof. *Sum tuus*, say you againe, *Sum tua*. Ma. The song in déede is short, but me thinks it hath a verie long ende, and much matter dependeth thereon. Pam. What forceth it for the length, so it be pleasant & sweéte vnto you. Ma. I loue you so well that I woulde not haue you doe that, wherof you should hereafter repent & beshrew your selfe. Pa. I práy you neuer speake of any repentance. Ma. Peraduenture you shoulde otherwise esteeme of me, when eyther age or sickneſſe shall chaunge this fourme or fauour. Pam. Why? this body of myne (O my déere) shall not alwayes continue in this estate, thus prest and lustie, but I respect not so muche this flourishing and bewtifull house, as I doe him that dwelleth therein. Maria. What meane you by that you speak of him that dwelleth within? Pam. Verily I meane your well disposed and vertuous minde, whose bealwtie alwayes encreaseth with age. Ma. What, your sight is yet more pleasant than *Linx*, if you can espie that, through so many couerings. Pam. Yea certes with my mind

I am thine.

Be thou mine.

I doe right well espie your minde: moreouer (I saye) in those children which God shall sende vs, wée shall as it were, ware yong againe. Maria. But in the meane time virginitie is lost. Pam. Truth, in good faith, tell me if you had a goodly orchyarde plat, whether woulde you wish nothing should therein grow but blossomes, or else had you rather (the blossomes fallen awaye) beholde your trées fraught and laden with pleasaunt fruite? Maria. Yowe sliely he reasoneth. Pam. At the least aunswere me to this: whether is it a better sight for a Vine to lye vppon the grounde and rot, or the same to embrace a poale, or an elme, and lode it full with purple grapes? Maria. Now sir aunswere me to this againe, whether is it a more pleasant sight a Rose trim and milkewhite, yet growing on his stalk, or the same plucked with the hande, and by little and little withering awaye? Pam. Certes in mine opinion the rose is the happiest, and commeth to the better ende, which withereth and dieth in the hande of man, delighting in the meane while both the eies and nosethrils, than

than thother which withereth on the bush, for there muste it nedes wither also at length, euen as that wine hath better luck which is drunken, than that which standeth still, and is turned into vinigar. And yet the flowring beautie of a woman doth not decay forthwith as sone as she is maried, for I knowe some my selfe, who before they were maried, were pale colored, faint, and as it were pined away, who by the friendly felowship of an husband, haue ware so faire, and welfauoured, that you would think they neuer came to the flower of their beautie till then. Ma. But for all your saying, virginity is a thing much beloued and lyked with all men. Pam. I graunt you, a yong woman, a virgine, is a fayre, & godly thing, but what by course of kind is more vnseemly thã an old wrinkled maide: Had not your mother bene contented to lose that flower of hir virginitie, surely we had not had this flower of your beautie. So that in case (as I hope) our mariage be not barren, for the losse of one virgine we shall paye God manye. Ma. But they saye chastitie is a thing wherein

God

God is much delighted. Pam. And therefore doe I desire to couple my selfe in mariage with a chast mayden, that with hir I may leade a chaste life. As for our mariage it shall rather be a mariage of our minds, than of our bodies, we shall increase vnto Christ, we shall increase vnto the cõmon welth. How little shall this matrimonie differ frõ virginitie? & peraduenture hereafter we shall so liue togither, as blessed Marie liued with Joseph, no man cometh at the first to perfection. Maria. What is that I heard you say euen now, must virginity be violated and lost, therby to learn chastitie? Pam. Why not, euen as by drinking of wine moderately, we learn by little and little to forbeare wine vtterlye, which of these two seemeth vnto thée to be more temperat, he that sitting in the mids of many daintie dishes, abstaineth from them all, or he which forbeareth intemperauncie, hauing none occasiõ to moue him vnto the same? Ma. I suppose him to haue the more confirmed habite of temperance whom plentie alwayes preset can not corrupt. Pam. Whether deserueth more

the

the prayse of chastitie, he that geldeth him selfe, or he which képing his members all and sounde abstaineth from all womans companie? Ma. Verily by my consent the latter shal haue the praise of chastitie, that other of mad follie. Pam. Why? those which by vowe haue abiured matrimonye doe they not after a sort gelde themselues: Maria. Verily it seemeth so. Pam. Thus you sée, it is no vertue to forbeare womens companie. Maria. Is it no vertue? Pam. Marke me this, if it were simplye a vertue to forbeare the companie of a woman, then shoulde it be also a vice to vse the companie of a woman, but sometime it befalleth that it is sin to refuse the acte, and a vertue to vse it. Ma. In what case is it so? Pam. In case the husband requireth of his wife the debt of marriage, euen so often as he shall do it, especially if he requireth it for the desire of generation. Ma. But what if he be fleshfond and wanton, may she not lawfully denie it him? Pam. She maye admonish him of his fault and rather gently persuade him to bridle hys affections, to giue him a flat nay when he frayneth

straineth vpon hir, she may not. Albeit I here verie fewe men complaine of their wyues vncurtesie this way. Ma. Yet mée thinks libertie is swéete. Pam. Nay rather virginitie is a heauie burthen. I shall be to you a King, and you shall be to me a Quéene. And eyther of vs shall rule the familie, as we thinke good, take you thys to be a bondage? Ma. The common sort calleth mariage an halter. Pam. Now on my fayth they are well worthie an halter that so termeth it. Tell me I praye you is not your soule bounde vnto your body? Ma. I thinke so. Pa. Yea surely euen as a bird vnto hir cage, & yet if ye should aske him the question, whether he woulde bée losed or no, I suppose he woulde saye nay. And why so? bicause he is willinglie and gladlie bounde thereunto. Ma. We haue little to take to neither of vs both. Pam. So much the lesse indaungered to fortune are wee, that little you shall encrease at home wyth sauing, which as they counteruayleth a great reuenue, and I abroad with diligence. Ma. An houshold of children bringeth innumerable cares. Pam.

On the other side agayne, the same chil-
dren bringeth infinite pleasures, and oft-
entimes requiteth the parentes naturall
paines to the vttermost, with great ouer-
plusse. Ma. Then to lead a barren life in
marriage is a great miserie. Pam. Why
are you not now barraine? tell me whe-
ther had ye rather neuer be borne, or borne
to die. Ma. Certes I had rather be borne
to die. Pam. So that barrainnesse is yet
more miserable which neyther hadde, nor
shall haue child, euen as they be more hap-
pie which haue alreadie lyued, then they
which neuer haue, nor shall hereafter be
borne to liue. Ma. And what be those, I
praye you which neyther are, nor shall be.
Pam. For he that cannot finde in his hart
to suffer and abide the chaunges, & chaun-
ces, whervnto all we indifferently be sub-
iect, as well men of powre estate, as Kings,
& Emperours, he is not to dwell here, let
him get him out of this worlde. And yet,
whatsoeuer shal mischaunce vnto vs two,
yours shoulde be but the one halfe thereof,
the greater parte I will alwaies take vn-
to mine owne selfe. So that if anie good

thing

thing doe happen vnto vs oure pleasure shall be dubble if anye euill betide vs, you shall haue but the one halfe of the griefe, and I the other. As for my selfe, if God so woulde, it were vnto me a pleasure, euen to ende my life in your armes. Ma. Men can better sustaine and beare with ỹ which chaunceth according to the common course and rule of nature. For I see that some parentes are more troubled wyth their childrens euill manners, than with their naturall deathes. Pam. To preuent such misfortune, that it happen not vnto vs, it resteth for the most part in our power. Ma. How so? Pam. For commonly parentes, which bee good and vertuous, haue good & vertuous children, I meane as concerning their natural disposition, for doues do not hatch Puthockes: wherefore we will first indeuour to bee good our selues, and oure next care shall bee, that our children may euen from the mothers brest, be seasoned with vertuous counsails, and right opinions, for it skilleth not a little what licour you poure into a newe vessell at the first. Finallye, we shall prouide that they may

haue euen at home in our house a good example of lyfe to followe. Ma. Harde it is to bring that to passe that you say. Pam. No maruaile, for commendable, and good it is. And for that also are you harde to bée entreated and wonne, the more deficile and harde it is, the more good will and indeuour shall wée put there vnto. Maria. You shall haue mée a matter soft and plyant, sée you ý you do your part in forming and shaping me as you ought. Pam. But in the meane while saye those thrée wordes which I require of you. Ma. Nothing were more easie for me to doe, but wordes be wynged, and when they be flowen out once doe not retire, I will tell you what were a better way for vs both. You shall treate with your Parentes and myne, and with their will and consent let the matter be concluded. Pam. Ah you set me to woe againe, it is in you, with thrée words to dispatch the whole matter. Ma. Whether it lyeth in mée so to doe (as you say) I knowe not, for I am not at liberty. And in olde time mariages were not concluded without the will & consent of their parents

Difficilia quę pulchra. *Godly things be harde.*

parents or elders. But howsoeuer the case be, I suppose our mariage shall bee the more luckie, if it be made by the authoritie of our parents. And your part it is to seke and craue the good will, for vs to doe it, it were vnseemelye: virginite would seeme alwayes to be taken with violence, yea though sometime we loue the partie most earnestly. Pam. I wil not let to seeke their good will, so that I may alwayes be in an assurance of your consent. Ma. You neede not doubt thereof, be of good cheere (my *Pamphile*) Pam. You are herein more scrupulus yet then I woulde wish you to be. Ma. Nay marie, waye, and consider you well with your selfe, before, whervnto you haue set your minde and will. And do not take into your counsaile, this blind affection borne towardes my person, but rather reason, for that which affection decerneth is liked for a reasō, but that which reason auiseth is neuer misliked. Pam. Certes thou speakest like a wittie wench; wherefore I intende to followe thy counsayle. Ma. You shall not repent you thereof, but howbe it sirha there is now fallen in-

to my minde a doubt, which vexeth mée sore. Pam. Away with all such doubtes for Gods sake. Ma. Why will you haue me marry my selfe to a dead man? Pam. Not so, for I will reuiue againe. Maria. Now, loe you haue voided this doubt, fare yée well my *Pamphile*. Pam. Nay you I pray that I may so doe. Ma. I pray God giue you a good night, why fetch you such a sighe man? Pam. A good night say you? I woulde to God you would vouchsafe to giue me that, which you wishe mée. Ma. Soft and fairy, I pray you your harueſt is as yet but in the grœne blade. Pam. Shall I haue nothing of yours wyth me at my departure. Ma. Take this Pomander to chœre your harte wyth. Pam. Yet giue me a kisse withal I pray thée. Ma. I would kœpe my virginitie whole, and vndefiled for you. Pa. Why doth a kisse take ought away from your virginitie? Ma. Would you thinke it well done that I shoulde be frée of kisses vnto other men? Pam. Nay marrie I would haue my kisses spared for my selfe. Ma. I kœpe them for you then. And yet there is an other thing in ỹ way, which

which maketh me that I dare not at this time giue you a kisse. Pam. What is that. Ma. You saye that your soule is alreadie gone well neere altogither into my body, and a very small parte thereof taryeth behinde in your owne, so that I feare in time of a kisse, that which remayneth might happen to sterte out after it, & then were you altogither without a soule. Haue you therefore my right hande in token of mutuall loue, and so fare you well. Go you earnestly about your matters. And I for my part in the meane while, shall pray vnto Christ, that the thing which you do, may be vnto the ioy and felicitie of vs both. Amen

Of the yong man and the *euill disposed woman.*

Lucrecia. Sophronius.

IEsu mercy my olde louing Frynde *Sophronius*, are you at length come againe vnto vs? nowe mee thinkes you haue beene awaye euen a worlde space, Truelye at the firſt blushe I ſcarce knewe you. Sophronius. And why ſo myne olde acquaintaunce *Lucres*? Lucres. Why ſo: bicauſe at your departing you had no berd at al, now you become a handſome beardling. But what is the matter my ſweete harte: for me thinks you are wared more ſterne and graue countenaunced then to fore you had wont. Sophronius. I would gladly talke with you friendlye in ſome place aparte from all companye. Lucres. Why are we not here alone (my luſte?) Sophronius. No, let vs go our ſelues into ſome place yet more ſecret and priuie. Lu. Be it ſo, let vs go into my inwarde chamber,

ber, if ought you list to doe. Sophronius. Yet mee thinketh this place is not close & secret ynough. Lucres. Why? whence comes this new shamefastnesse vpon you? I haue a Closet wherein I lay vp my Iewels and array, a place so darke that vneth the one of vs shall see the other. So. Looke round about it, if there be any crany or rifte. Lu. Here is not a cranye nor rifte to be seene. So. Is there no body neere that mought listen and here vs? Lu. No verily not a flie (my ioy) why doubt you? why go you not about your purpose? So. Shall wee here beguile the eies of God? Lu. Not so, for he seeth thorow all things? So. Or shall wee be out of the sight of his Aungels? Lu. Neyther, for no bodie can hide him out of their sight. So. How happeneth it then, that we be not ashamed to doe that before the eies of God, and in the presence of his holy Aungels, which wee woulde be ashamed to doe in the syght of men? Lu. What a strange thing is this, came you hither to preache? put yée on, one of Saint Frances cowles, and get ye vp into the Pulpit, and let vs heare you there

there my yong Beardling. So. Neither would I thinke it much so to doe, if by that meane I might call you backe from thys kind of life, not only most foule & shamefull, but also most miserable. Lu. And why so good sir? I must get my liuing one way or other, euery man liueth and is maintained by his craft, & science, this is our trade our lands and reuenues. So. I would to God (good friende *Lucres*) that you, voyding for a while this dronkennesse of the mynde, coulde finde in your heart rightly to ponder and consider with me, the thing as it is. Lu. Keepe your sermond till an other time, nowe let vs take our pleasure (my good friende *Sophronie*) So. All that you doe, you doe it for lucre and gaines I am sure. Lu. Therin you haue gone nere the marke. So. Well, you shall lose no parte of that, which you make your accompt vppon, I will giue you euen foure times as much onely, to lend me your attentiue care. Lu. Say on then euen what you please. So. First aunswere me to this. Haue you any that beareth you euill will? Lu. No then one. So. And are there not some

some againe, whome you hate likewise? Lu. Euen as they deserue at my hande. So. Now if it lay in thée to pleasure them wouldest thou in faith do it? Lu. Nay sooner woulde I giue them their bane. So. Verie well, consider now, consider I saye whither ought thou mayest doe to them more pleasaunt and better lyked, then to let them sée thée leade this maner of lyfe, so shamefull and wretched. On the other side, what canst thou do móre to the griefe and misliking of them, which be thy verye friendes in déede? Lu. Such was my lot, and destinie. So. Moreouer, that which is compted to be the most harde, and beanie happe of those which are cast out into Ilands, or banished vnto the people most inhumaine and barbarous, the same haue you of your owne frée will, and election, taken vnto your selfe. Lu. And what is that? So. Hast not thou of thine accorde renounced & forsaken all naturall affections and loues, your father, mother, brethren, sistrene, aunt, great aunt, & whomsoeuer beside nature hath linked vnto thée for they in déede, are full euill asha-

med

med of thée, and thou dareſt not once come into their ſight. Lu. Naye marrye, mæ thinkes I haue luckilye chaunged myne affectes, in that for a few louers, nowe I haue won me verie many, among whome you are one, whome I haue accompted off as my naturall brother. So. Let paſſe this light accuſtomed talke, & way the matter as it is, in earneſt. And firſt beléeue mæ this (my *Lucres*) ſhée that hath ſo many louers, hath no loue at all. They that reſort vnto thée, doe not take thée for their loue, but rather for their luſte, ſée howe thou haſt debaſed thy ſelfe wretched Woman. Chriſt holde thée ſo dære, that hée vouchſafed to redéeme thée with his moſt precious bloud, to the ende, thou mightest partake with him in his heauenlye kingdome. And thou makeſt thy ſelfe a cõmon Gonge, or muckhill wherevnto foule and filthy, ſcalde, and ſcurute, doth at their pleaſure reſort, to ſhake off their filth and corruption. That if thou be yet frée and not infected wyth that lothſome kinde of lepzie, commonly called the french pockes, aſſure thy ſelfe thou cannot long be wyth-

out

out it. Which if it chaunce thee to haue, what in more miserable and wretched case then thou, yea, though other things were as thou wouldst wish (I meane) thy substance and fame, what shalt thou then be, but a lump of quick carraine: you thought it a great matter to be obedient vnto your mother, now you liue in seruitude, vnder a filthie bawde. It went to your heart to heare the good aduertisements of your father, here you must often tymes take in good parte, euen the stripes of dronkardes, and madbraines, you coulde awaye with no maner of worke, when you were with your frendes, to helpe towardes your lyuing, but in this place what trouble, what continuall watching are you faine to sustaine? Lu. From whence (and God will) coms this new prating preacher. So. Now I praye thee, haue this also in thy minde. The flower of beautie, which is the baite that allureth men to loue thee, in shorte time it shall fade, and decaye. And what shalt thou then doe, vnhappie creature, what dongehill shall be more vile, and vnregarded than thou then? than loe, thou

shalt

shalt of an hore, become a bawde, yet euery one of you commeth not vnto that promotion, but if that befalleth thee, what is more abhominable, or neuer reprocheth euen to the wicked occupacion of the deuill.

Lu. Truth it is in good faith, *Sophronie* in a maner all that you haue hitherto sayde. But howe commeth this newe holinesse vpon you, who were wont to be amongst all the little gods, yet one of the least, for no man repaired hither, eyther oftener or at more vntimely howres, than your self: I heare say you haue béene at Rome lately. So. I haue so in deede. Lucres. Why men are wont to come from thence worse than they went thither. How happeneth the contrarie to you? So I will tell you, bycause I went not to Rome, with that minde, and after that sort, other commonlie goe to Rome, euen of set purpose to retourne worse, & so doing they want none occasions when they come there, to be as they purposed. But I went thither in the companie of an honest vertuous man, by whose aduise, in steede of a bibbing bottel, I caried with me, a handsome little booke

the

the new testament of *Erasmus* translation. Lu. Of *Erasmus*? And they saye he is an heretike and an halfe. So. What hath the name of that man come hither also? Lu. None more famous with vs. So. Haue you euer seene his persone? Lu. Neuer, but in good sayth I woulde I might, bycause I haue hearde so much euill of hym. So. Perhaps of them that be euill themselues. Lu. Nay truely, euen of reuerend personages. So. What be they. Lucres. I may not tell you that. So. And why so I pray. Lu. Bicause if you should blab it out, and it come vnto their eares. I should lose no small part of my lyuing. So. Feare thou not, thou shalt speake it to a stone. Lu. Harken hither in thine eare thē, So. A fonde wench, what nedeth it to lay mine eare to thine, seing we be alone? except it were that God shoulde not heare it. Oh lyuing God, I se thou art a religious whore, thou doest thy charity vpon Mendicants. Lu. Well, I get more by these Mendicants & simple beggers, than by you riche folke. So. So I thinke, they spoyle and prowle from honest matrones

Mendicant Friers.

to

to caſt at whores tayles. Lu. But tell on your tale concerning the booke. So. I will ſo doe, and better it is. Therein Paule taught me a leſſõ, who being indued with the ſpirite of truth could not lie, that neyther whores, nor whore haunters ſhall inherite the kingdome of heauen. When I had reade this, I beganne to conſider with my ſelfe in this wiſe. It is a ſmall thinge, which I looke to be heire of by my father, and yet neuertheleſſe rather I had to ſhake hands with all wanton women, then to be ſet beſide that inheritance, how muche more then doth it ſit me on, to beware ỹ my father in heauẽ doth not diſinherite me of that far more excellent inheritance, for againſt mine earthly father, which goeth about to diſinherite me, or to caſt me off, the ciuill lawes doe offer a remedie, but if God liſt to caſt of, or diſinherite, there is no helpe at all. Whereupon, I forthwith vtterlie forſwore my ſelfe, the vſe and familiaritie of all euill diſpoſed women. Lu. That is if you be able to lyue chaſte. So. It is a good parte of the vertue of continencie, hartilie to couit and

desire the same, if it will not so bee, well, the vttermost remedie is to take a Wife. When I was come to Rome, I powred out the hole sincke of my conscience into the bosome of a certayne Frier penitentiarie, who with many words, right wisely exhorted mée to puritie, and cleanneſſe of minde and bodye, and vnto the deuout reading of holie scripture, with oft prayer & sobernesse of life, for my penaunce he enioyned me naught else, but that I shoulde knéele on my knées before the high alter, and say ỹ Psalme *Miserere mei deus*. And if I had mony to giue in almoys vnto some poore bodie a *Carolyne*. And wheras I merualed much, that for so many times, as I hadde confessed my selfe to haue played the brothell, he layed vppon me so small a penaunce, hée aunswered me right pleasauntlye thus. Sonne (quoth he) if thou truely repent, if thou change thy conuersation, I passe not on thy penance, but if thou proceed stil therin, thy very lust it self shal at the length bring thee to paine and penaunce ynough I warrant thée, though the Preest appointeth thée none, for exam-

ple

ple loke vpon my ſelfe, whome thou ſeeſt now, bleare eyed, palſey ſhaken, and crooked, and in time paſte I was euen ſuch a one as thou declareſt thy ſelfe to be. Thus loe haue I learned to leaue it. Lu. Why then for ought that I can ſée I haue loſte my *Sophronius*. So. Nay rather thou haſt him ſafe, for before he was in déede loſte, as one which neyther loued thée nor hymſelfe. He now loueth thee with a true loue, and thirſteth thy ſaluation. Lu. What aduiſe you me then to doe, friende *Sophronius*? So. As ſoone as poſſible you may to withdrawe your ſelfe from this kinde of lyfe, you are yet but a girle (to ſpeake off) and the ſpot of your miſdemeanour maye be waſhed away. Either take an huſband (ſo doing we wyll contribute ſome thing to preferre you) eyther elſe get you into ſome godly Colledge or Moneſtery which receyueth thoſe that haue done amiſſe, vpon promiſe of amendment, or at the leaſt wyſe departing from this place, betake your ſelfe into the ſeruice of ſome vertuous and well diſpoſed Patrone. And to which of theſe you liſte to enclyne your minde,

minde, I offer you my friendly helpe and furtheraunce. Lu. Now I beseech you with all my hart *Sophronie* loke about & prouide for me, I will follow your counsayle. So. But in the meane while conuey your selfe from out of this place. Lu. Alack so sone, So. Why not, rather this day than to morow: namely since lingering it is damage, and delay is daungerous. Lu. Whether should I then repaire, where should I stay my selfe? So. You shall packe vp all your apparell and Iewels, & deliuer it vnto me in the euening, my seruaunt shall closelye carrie it, vnto a faithfull honest Matrone. And within a while after, I will leade you out, as it were to walke with me and you shal secretly abide in that Matrons house, at my charge, vntill I prouide for you: And that time shall not bee long. Lu. Be it so my *Sophronius*, I betake my selfe wholy vnto you.

So. For so doing hereafter, you shall haue ioy.

FINIS.